

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 257.]

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PRICE 2d.

Silver Cup of the Thames' Yacht Club for 1827.



THERE are few amusements more salutary and delightful than sailing, and no recreation is better calculated to aid our dexterity and skill in navigation. At this season of the year the surface of the majestic Thames frequently presents a gay and animated appearance, as scarcely a week passes without the pleasing spectacle of a boat-race or a sailing-match being witnessed. The Thames' Yacht Club is distinguished for its superiority.

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IT consists of 200 members, who subscribe for two silver cups, to be annually sailed for by pleasure-vessels belonging to members of the club. The prizes are decided by two matches; the one being sailed for below bridge, from Blackwall to Gravesend and back; the other, above bridge, from Blackfriars to Wandsworth Meadow, and back to Waterloo bridge. In connexion with the foregoing particulars we may observe, that through the

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exertions of the secretary all the vessels belonging to the Thames' Yacht Club may go into any French port, free of charges, which on the part of the continental government shows much liberality. It is now proper to speak of our engraving of the cup which is to be sailed for during this season; and we trust that the beautiful and spirited representation will be acceptable to all our readers and friends. We will here hazard a description of our illustration, and we cannot but be accurate, for so minute and complete is the design, that it almost describes itself. At the foot of the plate is a tortoise, bearing a triton on its back, supporting the body of the cup with one hand, the other grasping a conch, and supposed to be sounding the fame of victory. The body forms a scalloped shell, richly embossed and ornamented with flowers. The handles and mouth of this splendid cup represent a twisted cable, and the cover is emblematical of the Union, being the rose, thistle, and shamrock, above which flows the laurel. The top beautifully forms waves, encircled with shellwork, on which is mounted a superb sailing-boat completely rigged. The cup weighs upwards of 64 ozs., will hold about two quarts, and from the plinth to the mast, measures two feet in height. The design and workmanship of this novel and striking ornament reflect the greatest credit on the taste and talents of Mr. Hyams, for we never saw a specimen more deserving admiration, and never before witnessed a vessel in silver so completely equipped, that every rope will act and sails shift if required.

Fine Arts.

THE PROGRESS OF ENGLISH HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTING UNDER VARIOUS CELEBRATED MASTERS.

(For the Mirror.)

ALTHOUGH the dawn of painting was apparent in England long before the arrival of Hans Holbein from the continent, yet we are principally indebted to that distinguished German artist for England's success in the most noble department of the arts—painting. Holbein was the first painter of note who ever visited this country, and his great powers were so strongly impressed upon the English, that every individual who had access to his works was fired by a love of the art; and some private persons became, merely by inspecting his productions, painters themselves. Those who thus imbibed a know-

ledge of the art speedily communicated it to their brethren; and, after the lapse of a few years, painting was in general practice in London, every artist gaining employment in portraiture, for in this particular branch the English people, as at the present day, evinced more interest than in any other. Although Du Fles places Holbein among the painters of Germany, it is well-known by those conversant in the fine arts, that he executed most of his meritorious works in England under the patronage of Henry VIII. That ambitious king, emulated by the fame which his contemporaries, Francis I. and Charles V., had gained as encouragers of the fine arts, invited Tiziano Vecelli, or Titian, to this country; but from circumstances which were never promulgated, that great master declined the invitation. Happy would it have been for this country could Titian have been prevailed upon to visit it at that early period of the arts; probably his real motive for rejecting the overtures of Henry was the total neglect of historical painting here at the time. On Titian's refusal to repair to the court of Henry, Holbein was appointed principal painter; he shortly afterwards executed the portraits of his patron, Queen Anne Boleyn, Anne of Clives, and the nobility. Holbein was the best miniature painter of his time, and at his death left many pupils in this branch of his profession; but Isaac Oliver was the only one who distinguished himself.

The reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary were unpropitious to painting; and it was not until the middle of the reign of Elizabeth that Isaac Oliver could display his talents to advantage. He painted several pictures, and his portrait of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, established his reputation as an artist. Oliver's son, Peter, brought the art of miniature painting to a high pitch of excellence, and was employed, after his father's death, to paint the portraits of James I. and all the nobility of the time. Peter's productions, for boldness of execution and accuracy of drawing, have never yet been equalled. Daniel Mytens and Cornelius Jansens were both popular painters in the latter part of the reign of James, and in the beginning of that of Charles I. Rubens and Vandyke, who were both knighted by Charles, produced most exquisite pictures in this country, and educated many pupils, who, for the most part, were an honour to their distinguished preceptors. Had Dobson, who studied under Vandyke, been permitted to live longer, he would have been a lasting honour to his country. He is usually styled the father of English portrait-painting, and

his productions, if not so mature as those of his master, have much to recommend them to posterity. Dobson was the first native artist of any repute.

The fine arts of England began to grow very respectable in the reign of Charles I. Every artist of note educated pupils, schools were formed that the theory of painting might be studied, the patronage of the sovereign was never before equalled, the nobility were liberal in their purchases of works of merit, and the public evinced the most lively interest towards the productions of native genius. After the death of Charles, however, the arts sensibly languished, owing to the puritanical principles of the people under the guidance of Oliver Cromwell. But at the Restoration, learning was again sought after, and the fine arts began slowly to emerge from that concealment into which they had been thrown during the very scrupulous time of the commonwealth.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, after the death of Lely, stood unrivalled in portraiture; he was the fashionable painter during the reigns of James II. and William III. Kneller is said to have painted the portraits of ten sovereigns. Sir James Thornhill, who was knighted by Queen Anne, produced some fine historical works; those in fresco, in the cupola of St. Paul's cathedral, though now going rapidly to decay, have been much and deservedly admired. Thornhill married his daughter to that very celebrated character, William Hogarth, with whose productions the reader is doubtless familiar.

In the beginning of the reign of George III. painting flourished greatly under Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilson, Barry, and Gainsborough. These masters, more particularly Sir Joshua, painted the most esteemed works ever seen in this or in any other country. Sir Joshua is universally allowed to be the great founder of the English school of painting, for during his presidency of the Royal Academy in London, he delivered numerous eloquent orations, which have been published, and which form the solid basis of historical and portrait painting in England. His best pictures are the *Death of Cardinal Beaufort*; *Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy*; *Count Ugolino in Prison*; *The Nativity*; and his portrait of the celebrated *Mrs. Siddons*.

The style of Mr. West, second president of the Royal Academy, is more accurate, though not more agreeable, than that of his predecessor. Mr. West's outline is rather hard, and his colouring, in most instances, is rather too cold. Sir Joshua, in the reverse, is melodious and

beautiful in colour, and the contour of his figures is always soft and fascinating to the eye. Mr. West has, however, done much for the fine arts of this country, by refining our taste and directing our attention to the most sublime branch of the graphic art—that of historical painting.

The late Mr. Fuseli was successful in portraying the grand and the terrible; his pictures taken from Milton's *Paradise Lost* have all the grandeur and sublimity which the imagination of man is capable of conceiving. His style, however, is not likely to be adopted, since only a few persons can properly discriminate its meaning. Fuseli, like Milton, is comprehended only by a few; but in the estimation of that few he certainly stands very high.

At the present day, painting may justly be said to have arrived at its climax. Never till this period could England boast of so many eminent artists, who, excited by emulation, have determined not only to rival, but even to excel the Romans, the Venetians, and the Lombards.* I shall conclude my present paper with a most fervent hope that the fine arts of England may never retrograde, as they have in several parts of the continent; but that they may long maintain their present distinguished height, and be the envy of all other nations.

G. W. N.

PREDICTIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

CHILDREN have been observed to say things which have come to pass. The ancient Egyptians were of this opinion, and used to watch the words of children while they were at play. Something of this notion still remains, and Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Lord Roscommon," relates the following remarkable instance:—"The Lord Roscommon, being a boy of ten years of age, at Caen, in Normandy, one day was, as it were, madly extravagant in playing, leaping, getting over the tables, boards, &c. He was wont to be sober enough; they said, God grant this bodes no ill-luck to him. In the heat of this extravagant fit he cried out, 'My father is dead.' A fortnight after news came from Ireland that his father was dead. This account I had from Mr. Knowles, who was his governor, and then with him, (since secretary to the Earl of Stafford,) and I have heard his lordship's relations confirm the same." Other predictions are no less remarkable. The great Sir Matthew Hale had some secret

* For a full account of the schools of painting on the continent, I refer the reader to page 117 of the eighth volume of the *Mirror*.

and unaccountable presages of his death, for he said, "If he did not die on such a day, (which happened to be the 25th of November,) he believed he should live a month longer;" and accordingly he died that very day month. It is said of the Countess of Shrewsbury, that a fortune-teller had told her that she should not die while she was building. Accordingly she bestowed a great deal of the wealth she had obtained from three husbands in erecting large seats at Hardwicke, Chatsworth, Bolsover, Oldcotes, and Work-sop; and by a singular coincidence died in a hard frost, when the workmen could not labour. Lord Bacon says, "When I was in France, I heard from one Dr. Pena, that the queen-mother, Catharine de Medicis, had caused her husband's (the king's) nativity to be cast under a feigned name, and the astrologer gave a judgment, that he should be killed in a duel; at which the queen laughed, thinking her husband to be above challenges and duels; but he was slain upon a course at tilt, the splinters of the staff of Montgomery going in at his beaver."

There are many unfortunate accidents and occurrences incident to human life, of which so short-sighted a creature as man can have no apprehensions or prevent. They sometimes come upon us on a sudden, and throw us into a set of thoughts, merely arising from the accident befallen us, which otherwise had never entered into our minds. Predictions, it has been observed, often procure their own fulfilment, and thus occasion the very evils most apprehended.* During the reign of terror in France, the Baron of Marivet was continually tormented by the apprehension that he should die upon a scaffold. All the cares of his wife were employed unsuccessfully to calm his fears. He sometimes indulged himself with the hope, that if his birth-day passed without his being arrested, he should be delivered from the weight which pressed upon his heart, and might, perhaps, be saved. Upon one occasion he gazed, in a fit of melancholy, upon his son, who was then about two years old, and exclaimed, "I shall never live to see this child in male clothing,"—an observation which his lady carefully treasured up in her memory. The horror of the revolution appeared at length to draw to a close, and the birth-day of the Baron de Marivet had arrived. His wife was preparing a little feast for him upon the occasion, and the hour of

supper fixed upon for enjoying it. Wishing to give her husband an agreeable surprise, and to belie his presentiments, Madame de Marivet, about eleven o'clock, when they were just serving the dessert, left the table, and returning in a few moments after with her son in her arms, dressed like a sailor, she gave him to her husband, whom she tenderly embraced, and exclaimed, "You now see your son, my dear, in men's clothing, and your birth-day has already passed!"—"Not yet," was his reply; "midnight has not struck." His friends shuddered at the words, and anxiously turned their eyes upon a time-piece, the fingers of which they silently regarded as they moved towards the wished-for hour. It was just on the point of twelve, when a thundering knock was heard at the door. M. de Marivet turned pale; all who surrounded him were struck dumb with terror. The door opened, and gave admission to the emissaries of the revolutionary committee, who were come to seize him. M. de la C., whom in a letter he had advised to emigrate, had not taken the precaution to destroy his papers. After his departure they had been transported, amongst his other effects, to the house of M. de Piepape, his grandfather. The latter had been imprisoned on suspicion, and seals had been placed upon the property at his house. He died in prison, and the agents of the committee, who were present when the seals were removed, found in an earthen vessel, amongst some torn papers which were destined to be burnt, the letter in which M. de Marivet advised M. de la C. to emigrate. This letter was his sentence of condemnation. M. de Marivet was summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned to death, and lost his head upon the scaffold just before Thermidor.

F. R. Y.

THE BALLOON AND THE EAGLE.

A FABLE.

(For the Mirror.)

AN eagle once, as soaring high
In regal grandeur through the sky,
With jealousy espied
Two mortals, who had come to share
The birds' own kingdom in the air,
In solitary pride.

High 'bove the clouds, they knew no fear,
Through fields of snow their swift career
The eagle view'd with mirth;
For soon the gas which held them there
Escap'd, and left the luckless pair
To find their way to earth.

The bird then mark'd their rapid fall,
And laughing cried, "Thus perish all
Who'd vainly hope to rise

* The power of presentiment is indeed extraordinary; and none are more appalling than those that operate and give warning as a forerunner of human existence: but to avert the fatalities that hang over man's existence is impossible.

Beyond the sublimary sphere
Allotted by their Maker here
Far into other skies *

S. B. M.

The Topographer.

No. XXII.

THE BURNING CLIFF, DORSET.

PUBLIC curiosity having been strongly excited by the extraordinary phenomenon of the appearance of a volcanic eruption on Holworth Cliff, we copy the following scientific observations and interesting particulars, in illustration of this singular operation of nature, from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of this month.

Holworth Cliff forms the southern boundary of a farm called South Holworth, (anciently written Oleworth, Holeworth, and Holwerde,) the property of J. J. Lambert, Esq. of Dorchester; it is situate about two miles eastward of Osmington, and forms a very prominent object from Weymouth Bay.

This cliff is composed of a blue slaty lime-stone, somewhat similar to the Charmouth Cliff, but exhibiting a more advanced state of decomposition, yet bearing a much stronger and closer affinity to the Kimeridge coal, and indeed may be fairly considered as the connecting link between them. This stone, which is used as an article of fuel by the neighbouring poor, is inflammable, and of a strong bituminous and sulphureous nature; it burns free, and produces a very brilliant light, but emits at first, and until the gaseous particles are all evaporated, a very offensive smell; it afterwards continues to burn for a long time pleasantly, and notwithstanding the disagreeable effluvia arising from its first igniting, it does not appear that any injurious effect has ever attended the use of it. It does not burn entirely to ashes, but leaves a substance like burnt slate, which is, after a time, reduced to powder, on being subjected to the action of the atmosphere. It is worthy of remark, that blocks of this stone, which have been exposed to, and washed by, the salt water, burn better than what is recently taken from the cliff.

The soil contains *Pyrites*, *Marcasite*, *Cornu Ammonis*, with remains of other shells and *Belemnites*. These substances are not found in regular strata, but are interspersed in masses, through the soil, which is impregnated, more or less, with bitumen, to an uncertain depth. There are occasionally found pieces of a darker substance of stone, resembling charcoal, but much harder.

About twelve years since, that portion of the cliff which has lately attracted so

much of public curiosity, was observed to change its appearance, and a quantity of ground, about an acre and half in extent, gradually sunk about thirty feet below its former level, in a direction towards the sea, and remained there for a short period; on this detached piece of ground there was a cottage, inhabited by a fisherman (named Bagges) and his family, who prudently left it after perceiving the first symptom of an alteration; however, the cottage remained, with the exception of a slight crack in one of the walls, perfectly entire. Sometime afterwards this piece of ground made a further gradual slide in the same direction, carrying the cottage with it, without any additional injury; and during a period of nearly three years from its first removal, it occasionally continued its sinking progress downwards, to the extent of nearly five hundred feet, when it made a stand, exhibiting the entire cottage, with its accompanying garden, well stocked with gooseberry and currant trees, and various vegetables, all in the most flourishing condition, and still retaining its position. The cottage has been lately taken down, the materials being removed by its former occupier, to build him another habitation on a spot near, but presumed more secure and apparently less liable to a similar disaster. The fruit-trees and vegetables continued in an equally thriving condition, until the late eruption; but now the numerous trespassing visitors have nearly obliterated every vestige of so remarkable an occurrence.

As portions of the cliff along the whole extent of this coast are constantly falling down, particularly after heavy rains and breaking up of frost, this slide, as it is called, did not at the time excite any particular notice, although so extensive, but was looked on as merely an incident natural to the peculiarity of the soil; nor was there any thing for some time after this detached portion of cliff had become stationary which caused any remark, until about five years ago, a vapour was observed to exhale from that side of it facing the sea, and the same appearance has occurred occasionally since, at irregular intervals, particularly after heavy rains, varying materially in extent and also as to locality. It has been noticed, that the vapour has been more offensive, and has issued from the interstices in much larger quantities, at the spring tides* than at other times; but that the

* To persons unacquainted with the nature of the tides, and unaccustomed to nautical terms, it is necessary to explain the meaning of spring tides:—It is the flux of the ocean, which regularly occurs at the new and full moon, when the attractive power of that planet causes the tide to

greatest effusion of smoke has occurred about the vernal and autumnal equinoxes.

In the months of September and October, 1826, a very considerable portion of vapour was, for the first time, observed to rise from two or three apertures, on the *summit* of this cliff, and continued to issue therefrom for some time, until fissures were opened by its contending strength, in the side of it, large enough to permit its escaping in that direction. The quantity exhaling from the *summit* was (to use the language of an eye-witness) as much as is usually caused, and passes out of a chimney, at the first lighting of a common fire. On a calm day it has been seen to rise in a majestic column to the height of twenty feet, and had a very curious and imposing effect in such a situation; since the vapour has forced down a portion of the cliff, and found an uninterrupted passage through the fissures thus opened, it has, with scarce any intermission, continued to exhale, only varying as before-mentioned in the number of apertures, from four to ten, and in the space of ground over which they are extended.

On the 15th of March, 1827, Nicholas Baggs observed the vapour arising from the side of the cliff, to be in larger quantities than usual at that spot, and having occasion for fuel, curiosity urged him to direct the persons he employed for the purpose, to dig at that part; after removing a small portion of the surface, they were very much surprised at seeing fire, and what at first sight seemed to them a *small flame*. The appearance of flame was momentary—it died away almost as soon as it became visible, and there has not been the least semblance of flame since, except on the application of some combustible material, to either of the fissures in the rock, in which the fire was perceptible, which immediately ignited. Dry sticks, or any inflammable substance, would, on being thrust into any of the apertures from whence smoke issued, instantly kindle and produce flame, and remain burning as long as fed with such matter; but as soon as the substance so applied was consumed, the flame would invariably die away instantly. It is necessary to state, in consequence of the multiplicity of idle reports of a contrary tendency, that there never has been the least flame issuing spontaneously from any part of the cliff, since the first appearance of fire.

The apertures from whence the vapour or smoke issue, are about forty feet above high water mark; the appearances within rise or spring to a much greater height than at other periods.

the interstices of the rock, at the depth of five or six feet, were very similar to that of the lower part of a lime kiln, in its most active progress of operation. The massy blocks of stone on fire, displayed at first sight a most vivid and somewhat awful appearance; throwing out a very intense heat, accompanied with a powerful sulphureous effluvia, highly oppressive, so much so, as to cause a visible effect on the respiration of those persons who remained any length of time within its influence.

This interesting appearance was visible five or six days, and would probably have remained so much longer, but the unadvised curiosity of the learned as well as the unlearned, eager to dive into the secret workings of nature, induced them to apply crow-bars, pick-axes, and other powerful implements, for removing the surface, as well as portions of the rock, any way offering an obstacle, in order to ascertain (as they imagined) the cause of this wonderful phenomenon; which, after all their efforts, proved fruitless; nature, in her operations, being too subtle and impenetrable for human ingenuity to develope her designs. The consequence is that, owing to the quantity of rock and soil removed from the principal apertures, a very large portion of the upper part of the cliff being partially undermined has fallen down, and buried the precise spot that first excited so large a share of curiosity; and, although the quantity of vapour now issuing is not so profuse as originally, still the exhalation is considerable, and emits a very powerful effluvia from three apertures, which proves how vast a mass of fire exists, mouldering beneath this heap, feeding on the perishable mementos of a former world. The outward surface of the rock, at this part of the cliff, is very hot, as well the soil around the apertures, and small fragments of the stone retain a very considerable degree of heat for a long time, after being detached from the larger blocks.

The ground shakes with a trifling and sudden pressure of the foot, and even by a blow with a stick, which evidently proves the internal recesses of this mass of earth to be hollow, and of course dangerous to a certain degree. It is very probable, that at some future period, perhaps not very distant, after the partial consumption of the materials feeding this immense body of fire, the present crust or surface may sink down, and exhibit all the incidental peculiarities of an extinct volcano; or possibly astonish us, with the more awful characteristics of an existing one, in active operation.

Previous to the disruption of this portion of cliff from its neighbouring soil, there was a spring of excellent water, constantly bubbling out a copious crystalline stream, but which this convulsion entirely suppressed. A little water now oozes out from another part of the adjoining cliff, and immediately hides itself amongst the soil, being as it were ashamed of its insignificance. About one hundred feet from the summit of this disjointed cliff, where the exhalation issued last August, there is a hollow formed by its separation from its former site, a pond of stagnant water, abounding with the common water lizard.

There are not at this time any indications that will warrant the expectation of a violent eruption, nor are the peculiar local properties of the soil of such a description as to excite any alarming apprehension. After a time, it is very probable the vapour may partially subside, till another convulsive effort of nature may shew the wondering visiter the astonishing working of her hidden and inexplicable machinery. That there is an extensive body of subterraneous fire accumulated here, is too evident to be doubted; the least casual observer cannot justly draw any other conclusion from even a superficial view, and it is to be hoped that the mighty operations in constant progress underneath will never meet a resisting impediment to a ready vent upwards, for the free discharge of its increasing and superabundant effluvia.

The slide before alluded to, which happened in the year 1816, was unquestionably caused by the operation of subterraneous fire, being the first visible effect of the impulse upwards, produced in consequence of its having met with an obstruction to a free conducting channel beneath, and which proportionally increased the force of that dreadful element.

It being ascertained that the cliff contains a mixture of pyrites, sulphur, and iron ore, the effect to be produced on such a combination of materials by the action of salt water, must be precisely that which has happened. There are instances on record of similar occurrences from the like causes, viz. in the month of August, 1751, at Charnmouth in this county; and at the mouth of the river Shannon in Ireland, in the year 1753; and in the *Philosophical Transactions* mention is made of a like circumstance in Caernarvonshire.

There is no doubt of the communication of salt water with the interior part of this cliff, perforating through the loose pebbles at its base, and which communication originally effected the separation and removal of this mass of earth

from its former situation; as a proof of it, if proof were wanting, it has been observed that the spring tides, and more particularly the equinoctial tides (owing to their increasing fluxes coming more immediately in contact with these active internal agents) have invariably produced very visible effects on the discharge of vapour from this cavern; as at these periods a much larger quantity issues out, and a far stronger effluvia is emitted than at any other times.

The whole line of coast exhibits in the various strata, and numerous alluvial deposits contained in them, very remarkable features of violent convulsions; and although no record exists to inform us of the precise period of their occurrence, it is not less certain and demonstrable, that they have happened; leaving us incontestible proofs of their amazing effects in the many varied contortions of the soil, intermixed with such a vast profusion of organic remains,* with other strong concurring testimonies.

Anecdotes and Recollections.

Notings, selections,
Anecdote and joke:
Our recollections;
With gravities for graver folk.

SISTERLY LOVE.

"Beautiful

Is sisterly love; divinely beautiful
In yonder noble maid. How firm, how gentle!
How like the purity of some old marble
Is she in form and mind! Even her young
beauty,

The very language of her lofty brow,
Is queenlike, till she bends to speak to thee,
With such affectionate softness, and a look
So touchingly sweet."

Miss Mitford's Dramatic Scenes.

DENZIL HOLLIS.

AFTER a very hot debate, in the course of which Ireton had let fall some very rude expressions respecting Denzil Hollis, the latter desired that he would walk out with him, and then told him, "that he insisted on his crossing the water immediately to fight him. Ireton replied, "that his conscience would not suffer him to fight a duel." Hollis, greatly incensed, pulled him by the nose, observing, that "since his conscience prevented him from giving men satisfaction, it ought to keep him from provoking them."—*Percy Anecdotes.*

* In Holworth and the neighbouring cliffs, the Nautilus, Cornu Ammonis, Pecten, Pinna, Nomia, Trigonia with vertebrae, and other fragments of the Ichthyosaurus, &c. &c. are frequently found. This coast presents a wide and interesting field for the geologist and natural philosopher.

THE AGE OF HAPPINESS.

UPON a candid review of my pursuits and feelings, it appears to me that I was a much happier man than I am now. Upon recollection, I find that Lewis the comedian let me, by anticipation, into the cause of this. We were walking homeward from the Keep-the-line-Club, then held at the British coffee-house. Lewis asked me my age, and I answered "thirty." "Stick to that, my dear boy," said the veteran, "and you will do. I myself was thirty once. I was fool enough to let it go by; and I have regretted it ever since."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE EVENING STAR.

THE Evening Star illumines the blue south,
Twinkling in loveliness. O! holy star,
Thou bright dispenser of the twilight dews,
Thou herald of Night's glowing galaxy,
And harbinger of social bliss! how oft,
Amid the twilights of departed years,
Resting beside the river's mirror clear
On trunk of massy oak, with eyes upturned
To thee in admiration, have I sat,
Dreaming sweet dreams, till earth-born turbulence

Was all forgot; and thinking that in thee,
Far from the rudeness of this jarring world,
There might be realms of quiet happiness.

Blackwood's Magazine.

CURRAN AND THE FLEAS.

CURRAN had a perfect horror of fleas; nor was this very extraordinary, since those vermin seemed to shew him peculiar hostility. If they infested a house, my friend said, that "they always flocked to his bed-chamber, when they heard he was to sleep there!" I recollect his being dreadfully annoyed in this way at Carlow; and, on making his complaint in the morning to the woman of the house; "By heavens! madam," cried he, "they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcass with so much ferocity, that if they had been unanimous, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely."

Barrington's Sketches.

HENDERSON'S COVETOUSNESS.

A NAMESAKE, if not a relation, of Mr. Henderson, lately told me that avarice was a predominant failing in the private character of this impressive actor, "who called," says the relater, "one day on my late excellent friend, Dr. Fryer, to present him, as a compliment, with tickets for his (Henderson's) benefit. The good and benevolent doctor, who knew the actor's foible, and bore with it, as he did with the failings of every one,—instead of accepting the tickets as a present, offered

the money for them, which Henderson took with a blush; and as he put it in his pocket, struck his forehead with the unemployed hand, burst into tears, and said, 'I am ashamed; but, by G—, I can't help it.'"—*Dibdin's Reminiscences*.

WILD OATS.

HENRY LORD FALKLAND having been brought into the House of Commons at a very early age, a grave senator objected to his youth, remarking, that "he did not look as if he had sown his wild oats." His lordship replied with great quickness, "Then I am come to the properest place, where there are so many old geese to pick them up."

A FINE IMAGE.

As in a sultry and an oppressive summer heat, when the sky begins to overcast, the dread of the dark and boding tempest is unable to extinguish the inward longing of nature for the refreshing coolness which follows in its train; in like manner public opinion (in Germany) has now almost reconciled itself to all that is most dreadful in events, if they only promise to relieve us from our present ignominy, and open to us a source of pure hope in the heavens, the face of which is now obscured by a vapour which veils every happy star from our sight.—*Görres' Germany*.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

LONDON LYRICS.

THE EXHIBITION.

SAYS Captain John Clay,

" 'Tis the second of May,

All the town's in a humming condition,
Like bees in a hive—

Shall I give you a drive

To the Somerset House Exhibition?"

"You've tumbled," I answered, "my wish on,

We'll go to this year's Exhibition."

So, light as Queen Mab,

We enter'd his cab,

And drove to the new Exhibition.

We first, hard as bone,

View'd the models in stone,

And saw, like a turkey a dish on,

Fair Psyche on Zephyrs,

As spotless as heifers,

All making an odd Exhibition.

A polish'd defunct politician,

A Kemble—the drama's magician,

A Mrs. H. Curney,

A marble attorney,

And all in this year's Exhibition.

We then, with our cat-

A logue stow'd in our hat,

Ascended, with no expedition,

Where Hercules grapples
His larceny apples,

And guards this sublime Exhibition.
Upstairs, in a weary condition,
We mounted this grand Exhibition;

Saw Boys with a Spaniel,
Two Flounders by Daniell,
And all in this year's Exhibition.

A chief of dragoons
In tight red pantaloons
Stood looking as fierce as Domitian;
A big Holofernes,

Whom Judith at her knees
Survey'd in a ticklish condition.
Indeed 'tis a fine Exhibition!

Pray mark in this year's Exhibition,
A fat Captive Negro,
Whose visage made me grow
Quite sad, in this new Exhibition.

There's Jesse Watts Russell,
A Waterloo Bustle,
May Morning—not painted by Titian;

A Boa Constrictor,
As big as the picture,
And all in this year's Exhibition.

Indeed 'tis a fine Exhibition!
Pray note in this new Exhibition
A Farebrother Sheriff,
I should not much care if
He graced not this year's Exhibition.

There's mild Caradori,
H. Singleton's Glory,
A head of R. Gooch, a physician,
Charles Mathews revealing
His charms to the ceiling,
And all in this grand Exhibition.
A Snow-storm, a dresser with Fish on,
Three Smugglers prepared for sedition,
Five heads by Sir Thomas—
Should fate take him from us,
'Twould be a much worse Exhibition.

A Juliet by Briggs,
A Peasant and Figs,
A doctor descended from Priscian,
A Miss Charlotte Bestwick;
Not naming the rest which
Appear in this year's Exhibition.

Pray, reader, let no prohibition
Keep you from this year's Exhibition.
Do but go, and I trust
That you'll find this a just
Account of the new Exhibition.

New Monthly Magazine.

LITERARY SKETCHES.

WASHINGTON.

I REMEMBER my father telling me he was introduced to Washington in 1790, by an American friend. A servant, well looking and well dressed, received the visitants at the door, and by him they were delivered over to an officer of the United States service, who ushered them into the drawing-room in which Mrs. Washington and several ladies were seat-

ed. There was nothing remarkable in the person of the lady of the President; she was matronly and kind, with perfect good breeding; she at once entered into easy conversation; asked how long he had been in America, how he liked the country, and such other familiar, but general, questions. In a few minutes the General entered the room. It was not necessary to announce his name; for his peculiar appearance, his firm forehead, Roman nose, and a projection of the lower jaw, his height and figure, could not be mistaken by any one who had seen a full-length picture of him, and yet no picture accurately resembled him in the minute traits of his person. His features, however, were so marked by prominent characteristics, which appear in all likenesses of him, that a stranger could not be mistaken in the man. He was remarkably dignified in manner, and had an air of benignity over his features, which his visitant did not expect, being rather prepared for sternness of countenance. After an introduction by Mrs. Washington, without more form than common good manners prescribe, "He requested me," said my father, "to be seated; and taking a chair himself, entered at once into conversation. His manner was full of affability. He asked how I liked the country, the city of New York; talked of the infant institutions of America, and the advantages she offered by her-intercourse for benefiting other nations. He was grave in manner, but perfectly easy. His dress was of purple satin. There was a commanding air in his appearance, which excited respect, and forbade too great a freedom towards him, independently of that species of awe which is always felt in the moral influence of a great character. In every movement too there was a polite gracefulness equal to any met with in the most polished individuals of Europe, and his smile was extraordinarily attractive. It was observed to me, that there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking. It struck me no man could be better formed for command. A stature of six feet, a robust but well-proportioned frame, calculated to sustain fatigue, without that heaviness which generally attends great muscular strength, and abates active exertion, displaying bodily power of no mean standard. A light eye and full,—the very eye of genius and reflection, rather than of blind passionate impulse. His nose appeared thick; and, though it befitted his other features, was too coarsely and strongly formed to be the handsomest of its class. His mouth was like no other that I ever saw; the lips firm, and the

under jaw seeming to grasp the upper with force, as if its muscles were in full action when he sat still. Neither with the General nor with Mrs. Washington was there the slightest restraint of ceremony. There was less of it than I ever recollect to have met with, where perfect good breeding and manners were at the same time observed. To many remarks Washington assented with a smile or inclination of the head, as if he were by nature aparing in his conversation; and I am inclined to think this was the case. An allusion was made to a serious fit of illness he had recently suffered; but he took no notice of it. I could not help remarking, that America must have looked with anxiety to the termination of his indisposition. He made no reply to my compliment but by an inclination of the head. His bow at my taking leave I shall not forget; it was the last movement which I saw that illustrious character make as my eyes took their leave of him for ever, and it hangs a perfect picture upon my recollection. The house of Washington was in the Broadway, and the street's front was handsome. The drawing-room, in which I sat, was lofty and spacious; but the furniture was not beyond that found in dwellings of opulent Americans in general, and might be called plain for its situation. The upper end of the room had glass doors, which opened upon a balcony commanding an extensive view of the Hudson river, interspersed with islands, and the Jersey shore on the opposite side. A grandson and daughter resided constantly in the house with the General; and a nephew of the General's, married to a niece of Mrs. Washington, resided at Mount Vernon, the General's family seat in Virginia, his residence, as President, keeping him at the seat of government." The levees held by Washington, as President, were generally crowded, and held on a Tuesday, between three and four o'clock. The President stood and received the bow of the person presented, who retired to make way for another. At the drawing-rooms Mrs. Washington received the ladies, who curtsied and passed aside without exchanging a word. Tea and coffee, with refreshments of all kinds, were laid in one part of the rooms, and before the individuals of the company retired, each lady was a second time led up to the lady President, made her second silent obeisance and departed;—nothing could be more simple, yet it was enough.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

IN 1789, Egalité, as he was called, visited England, and in company with the Eng-

lish princes, partook in the gay scenes and amusements of the country. He returned home, delighted with the freedom enjoyed by all ranks here, and was ever alluding to it in conversation. He one day said to Count du Rourc, who told me of it, "What service is my wealth to me, what advantage is my rank? In England the princes go about as they please, and partake in all public amusements, but here in France I cannot mount my horse and take a ride of a dozen miles, but I must send to the palace and ask leave, and often even to Versailles! I am sick of this restraint!"

COLONEL THORNTON.

THE following anecdote of this sporting character may furnish hints to frugal country gentlemen, who do not know how to frank their game up to town. I had been sitting one day with an individual, to whom, just as I was going away, a servant announced that Colonel Thornton had sent a present of some game. "What is it?" inquired my friend. "Two partridges and a rabbit," answered the girl, "and there is two and sixpence to pay for portage. I am certain, sir, it is a servant of the Colonel's, though he is differently dressed from what he used to be." "Send them back," said my friend; "and let the bearer tell the Colonel that I can get them as cheap in the market." Then turning to me, he added, "this is one of that mean fellow's tricks. He has received a quantity of game from his place in the country by coach, and having kept the best for himself, repays the carriage of it up to town, by laying a portage upon the worthless part, and sending round his servant in disguise with it to half a dozen of his friends. He never pays a milkman, but he must be summoned." Thornton was a diverting fellow too. He was one day stating that he had bought the princely domain of Chambord from the French government. I said, "It has some rank annexed to it, I think?" "Oh, yes," said he; "and I shall have it. The estate is so immense, no one in France could buy it. I am naturalized, sir, and have purchased it. I have rank, sir, as a French peer in consequence; it is a noble estate, quite a province." Just then a casual visitor dropped in, and he reiterated, "I am a French peer, and shall have my seat accordingly." "What is that, Colonel?" said the last comer, in catching the word peer. "I have bought Chambord, a noble place in France—its possession makes me a peer, sir—pardon me, a prince, I mean—it is a principality. I am a prince, by G—d!" Had he told the story a third

time he would have made himself the Dauphin.

OPIE.

THE early friend and patron of Opie, Peter Pindar, so often had the laugh against Opie, without his being able to retaliate, that one day hearing Wolcot say he had been at a meeting of the friends of the people at Copenhagen house, and that he was apprehensive of being a marked man in consequence, and showing at the same time considerable nervousness on the occasion, the painter thought it a good opportunity for taking his revenge. Government was on the look-out for certain suspected characters at the time, and the newspapers teemed with accounts of arrests. One evening Opie called upon Wolcot, and advised him to take care, for government had its eye upon him; Wolcot was alarmed. The next evening Opie and a friend, disguised with great coats and slouch hats (as officers then dressed) took their station opposite the doctor's lodging about dusk. They soon saw him eye them with alarm from his window, and Opie going away, leaving his companion, stripped off his disguise, and knocking at the door of the house, entered and sought the poet, whom he found in a great tremour, which it was not his business to lessen. "What had I best do?" asked Wolcot. "Get into the country, my dear fellow," said Opie; "fly at once; there are two cursed runners now about your house. I saw them and know them well." "But how shall I get out?" said the doctor in alarm, "without being observed? See, one of them is gone!" "Perhaps coming to knock at the door," said Opie, "and inquire for you—get out at the back window. I will assist you." Accordingly out at the back-window got the doctor, and disappeared; nor was he heard of for a fortnight, having flown down to Windsor, and got into an obscure lodging, perhaps aburdly thinking no one would suspect his flying towards head-quarters on such an occasion. Opie and his friend spread abroad the story; and the doctor, which was very rarely the case, had for once the worst of it.

BUONAPARTE—MASSENA.

AN incident not worth reciting here, brought me acquainted with the individual who was despatched by Massena to Napoleon during the siege of Genoa in 1800, to give him information of his distressed situation. It was long before the downfall of the Emperor, that the circumstance was told me by this officer, then employed in the army of Italy. "I

was," said he, "in Genoa with Massena. Thirty-five thousand Austrians blockaded us by land, and the English fleet by sea. The inhabitants were starving. Mutiny was ready to break forth. We had fed on the most disgusting food; and the garrison, consisting of twelve thousand men, was worn out with service and famine. Nothing could exceed the strictness of the blockade, and frequently the British ships came so close that they threw shells into the port. I saw infants expire from hunger, not having been able to draw nourishment from the dried up sources of the mothers' bosoms. Massena was firm, but he saw his situation was well nigh hopeless, and were he certain of not receiving relief, would willingly spare further misery by a surrender. Courier after courier made vain attempts to pass the enemy, but both by water and land, they failed to effect a communication with Buonaparte, or to convey to him the desperate situation of the garrison. Massena one day thus addressed me. 'Our lives depend on a communication with the first consul. We can subsist a certain number of days and no longer—try your best.'—'I set out,' said Monsieur L—, my informant, 'believing that to hold out even so long as the General said was impossible.'—'Tell the first consul,' said Massena, 'that we have ever beaten and foiled our enemies even in a state of famine and misery—there are nine of their colours.'—He pointed at them with a sort of theatrical motion of the body, and an air of triumph that had an effect upon my young and ardent feelings. I shall never forget it. It was the first time he ever spoke to me. I caught portion of his enthusiasm, and declared my determination to try my fortune. In the dead of a gloomy night, I succeeded in getting beyond the enemy's lines, passing on all-fours close to a sentinel; and by a circuitous route, I ultimately reached Lausanne, where Buonaparte then was. 'How long can the General hold out?' he asked me hastily. I told him what Massena had said, but that I did not conceive it possible. 'But he will,' said the first consul; 'very well. By the 26 Prairial I shall have beaten the enemy, and Genoa will be free.' At this moment, Buonaparte was at Lausanne, he had to pass the Alps by St. Bernard, the strong fortress of Bar, the Tesin, and the Po, swollen by the melting of the snow—in short, what to my mind and those of any other man, were obstacles no skill could surmount in the time. Feeling for the misery of the garrison, I ventured to say, 'General Consul, you have heretofore made us familiar with miracles, but

I fear for the truth of your prediction that Genoa will have fallen."—He replied, 'That is my affair, sir; you may retire.' The prediction of this extraordinary man was correct. I saw Massena and his attenuated garrison set free within the time named by Buonaparte; and how they subsisted, is as great a miracle to me even at this moment, as the passage of the Alps by the then first consul."

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD BULLER.

THE late admiral Sir Edward Buller was a very kind man and a good officer, whom no one accused of being too lenient in discipline. Captain Corbet, who was killed in the *Africaine* frigate, near the Isle of France, last war, was notorious on board ship as a naval despot. When the *Africaine* lay in Plymouth Sound, and Corbet was appointed to her, the crew showed symptoms of discontent, and did not at all relish the idea of having him for a commander. Admiral Young, who then commanded at Plymouth, ordered two heavy vessels to lie near the *Africaine*, in case mutiny should openly appear, so far was the dissatisfaction carried among the crew. One day at table, Corbet, sitting near Sir Edward Buller, said, "The service will not be good for anything until captains can flog their lieutenants if needful, as well as the ship's company; absolute power over all in the ship is the thing." "Why, then," said Sir Edward Buller, "admirals must in justice have the power of flogging captains—have a care, Corbet, and don't come under my orders, for I won't spare you!" *Ibid.*

THE TANNER.

A BERMUDESE tanner would often engage
In a long *little-d-dle* with his dame,
While trotting to town in the Kennington stage,
About giving their villa a name.

A neighbour, thus hearing the skin-dresser talk,
Stole out, half an hour after dark,
Pick'd up in the roadway a fragment of chalk,
And wrote on the palings—"Hide Park!"
Ibid.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

GARRICK AND WEST THE PAINTER.

WHEN Mr. West was about to paint the death of General Wolfe, Mr. Garrick called on him, and offered (from a wish to serve the artist, whom he held in high

esteem) to sit, or rather lie for him, as the dying hero; at the same time throwing himself on the ground, he began to die, as Mr. W. related it, in so true, so dignified, and so affecting a manner, that the painter interrupted him with—"My dear Mr. Garrick, I am fully sensible of your kind intentions; but so far from the assistance you offer being likely to serve me, it would do me the greatest injury."—"Eh! eh!" said Garrick, "how? how?"—"Why, my dear Sir! were it to be known, when I exhibited my picture, that you had done all this for me, whatever merit it might possess would be attributed to you."—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

THE WOODEN WALLS OF IRELAND.

AT one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of major Hobart, when he was secretary in Ireland, amongst the usual loyal toasts, "The wooden walls of England" being given,—Sir John Hamilton in his turn, gave "the wooden walls of Ireland!" This toast being quite new to us all, he was asked for an explanation; upon which, filling a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and, bowing to the marquess of Waterford and several country gentlemen, who commanded county regiments, he said,—“My lords and gentlemen! I have the pleasure of giving you the wooden walls of Ireland—the *colonels of militia!*”

So broad but so good-humoured a *few d'esprit*, excited great merriment; the truth was forgotten in the jocularly, but the epithet did not perish. I saw only one grave countenance in the room, and that belonged to the late marquess of Waterford, who was the proudest egotist I ever met with. He had a tremendous squint,—nor was there anything prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others, than an observation I heard him make at lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a *superlative* degree of *comparison* between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one, "That man was, (said the marquess,)—he was as superior as—as—as I am to lord Ranelagh!"—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches of his own Times.*

THE YOUNGER BURKE.

THE Irish catholics had conceived a wonderfully high opinion of Mr. Edmund

Burke's assistance and abilities. Because he was a clever man himself, they conceived his son must needs be so too; and a deputation was sent over to induce young Mr. Burke to come to Ireland, for the purpose of superintending the progress of their bills of Emancipation in the Irish Parliament; and, to bear his expenses, a sum of £2,000 was voted. Mr. Keogh, of Dublin, a very sensible man, who had retired from trade, was extremely active upon this occasion.

The bills were introduced and resisted; a petition had been prepared by Burke; and, being considered neither well-timed nor well-worded, certain even of the warmest Catholic supporters declined to present it.

Young Burke, either totally ignorant of parliamentary rules, or supposing that in a disturbed country like Ireland they would be dispensed with, (especially in favour of a son of the great Burke,) determined he would present the petition himself;—not at the bar, but in the body of the house! Accordingly, he descended from the gallery, walked into the house with a long roll of parchment under his arm, and had arrived near the treasury-bench when a general cry of "privilege!—A stranger in the house!" arose from all quarters, and checked the progress of the intruder; but when the speaker, in his loud and dignified tone, called out "sergeant-at-arms, do your duty!" it seemed to echo like thunder in Burke's ears; he felt the awkwardness of his situation, and ran towards the bar. Here he was met by the sergeant-at-arms with a drawn sword,—retracing his steps, he was stopped by the clerk; and the sergeant gaining on him, with a feeling of trepidation he commenced actual flight. The door-keepers at the corridor now joined in the pursuit; but at length, after an excellent chase, (the members all keeping their seats,) he forced through the enemy behind the speaker's chair, and escaped no doubt, to his great satisfaction. Strong measures were immediately proposed; messengers despatched in all quarters to arrest him; very few knew who he was; when Lord Norbury, (with that vivacious promptness which he always possessed,) on its being observed that no such transaction had ever occurred before,—exclaimed, "I found the very same incident some few days back in the cross-readings of the columns of a newspaper. Yesterday a petition was presented to the House of Commons—it fortunately missed fire, and the villain ran off."

It was impossible to withstand this sally, which put the house in a moment into good humour. Burke returned to

England unsuccessful, and the matter dropped.

It being observed by some member, that the sergeant-at-arms should have stopped the man at the back-door, Sir Boyle Roche very justly asked the honourable gentleman—"how could the sergeant-at-arms stop him in the rear, whilst he was catching him in the front? Did he think the sergeant-at-arms could be, like a bird, in two places at once?"—*Ibid.*

HOMAGE TO GREAT MEN.

I REMEMBER, when a boy, following John Palmer and Charles Bannister all the way from Goodman's-fields to Covent-garden, merely for the pleasure of being near such men; and though the "drunkard might make them gods," I don't think the feeling was unnatural.

Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.

MRS. JORDAN'S DELIGHT IN THE STAGE.

I HAVE seen her, as she called it, on a cruise, that is, at a provincial theatre (Liverpool); having gone over once from Dublin for that purpose; she was not then in high spirits; indeed her tone, in this respect, was not uniform; in the mornings she usually seemed depressed; at noon she went to rehearsal—came home fatigued, dined at three, and then reclined in her chamber till it was time to dress for the performance. She generally went to the theatre low-spirited.

I once accompanied Mrs. Jordan to the green-room at Liverpool; Mrs. Alsop and her old maid assiduously attended her. She went thither languid and apparently reluctant; but in a quarter of an hour her very nature seemed to undergo a metamorphosis; the sudden change of her manner appeared to me, in fact, nearly miraculous; she walked spiritedly across the stage two or three times, as if to measure its extent; and the moment her foot touched the scenic boards, her spirit seemed to be regenerated; she cheered up, hummed an air, stepped light and quick, and every symptom of depression vanished! The comic eye and cordial laugh returned upon their enchanting mistress, and announced that she felt herself moving in her proper element. Her attachment to the practice of her profession, in fact, exceeding anything I could conceive.—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches of his own Times.*

LIFE OF FRENCH MILITARY OFFICERS.

I KNOW not, from my soul, how the officers of a French regiment contrive to kill time. They are no Mortinets, and discipline hangs as loose on them as do their uniforms. Drink they do not, and few of them know half as well as our subalterns the difference between plain Medoc and first-rate Lafitte. They have neither race-horses, game-cocks, nor bull-dogs, on which to stake a month's pay; and save dominos, or in superlative quarters, billiards, they have games neither of skill nor chance. They are either such good *canaille*, or else taken for granted to be so, that chateaus and society around, empty as are the first, and scant as is the latter, are quite *preserved* against their admittance. And how, in short, they do contrive to live, would be quite beyond the conception of many of our military dandies. They are, however, a grown and good-natured race of schoolboys, brethren, and comrades, in every sense of the word, without any of the cat-o'-nine-tails austerity of our field-officers, when addressing an inferior in rank. Then have they no vying in coxcombry or expense, in naught, in fact, save address at their weapon, and forwardness in the field.—*Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life.*

AN ARCTIC WINTER.

It was now the middle of November; the weather was delightful, and had assumed that calm and settled appearance which it generally maintains throughout the winter. It is true the snow had deserted us, but how could I regret its loss, when I considered the singular beauty of the scene its disappearance had produced? The merchants, having little to do in the winter season, are not early risers; and at ten o'clock not a soul is visible, unless by chance some solitary individual, with his hands in his deep pockets, rubbing his eyes, and shrugging up his shoulders at being obliged to quit his warm feather-bed, begins his daily task of visiting his shop and the different warehouses. The view from the small battery at Hammerfest, whither I usually directed my steps before breakfast, was singularly interesting at that hour, from the extraordinary variety of the tints on the horizon, caused by the progress of the sun just beneath it, and the clear light of the moon in another quarter of the firmament. There are few who can withstand the exhilarating effects of a fine frosty morning; but how greatly is the beauty of winter heightened in high northern latitudes, where the sun creeps

below the horizon only to impart an air of calmness and solemnity to every thing, from the luxuriant richness of glow which overspreads the face of the heavens!

The smallest sounds are then audible at a considerable distance; and I used to hear distinctly all that was going forward on the opposite shore at Fugleness, which, during summer, made no impression on the ear. As winter advanced, all appearances of the former life and bustle of the little settlement were lost. Even the Laplanders were less frequent in their visits; and every thing seemed lying torpid, to await the return of the sun. The turf on the battery, being the only level spot free from rocks, was generally much resorted to during summer; and the view it commanded enabled the merchants to look out for vessels, and discern the state of the weather. I now had it almost entirely to myself throughout the day. Sometimes I amused myself with my rifle, in firing at the large flocks of elder ducks, which became every day more fearless. Now and then, though very rarely, a solitary seal made its appearance in the bay; and I sometimes saw a single guillemot, or awk.

The cold during the remainder of my stay at Hammerfest was never great upon any occasion, and the thermometer seldom many degrees below the freezing point.

As soon as evening set in, a thousand dancing lights would now play mysteriously through the sky, as if intended by Providence to cheer the hours of darkness by their mild and beautiful coruscations. Sometimes the aurora would form a splendid arch across the heavens of pale lambent flame, running with inconceivable velocity, and resembling the spiral motions of a serpent, which the eye could clearly distinguish. Then it would suddenly disappear, and the veil of night be once more diffused around; when, as quick as the flash of a star, the immense ethereal space would be overspread with fire, assuming quite a different form, and covering the heavens with sheets of thin silvery light, wafted quickly along, like thin strata of cloud before the wind. Sometimes narrow streaks of flame would shoot with inconceivable velocity, traversing in a few seconds the immense concave of the heavens, and disappearing beneath the south-eastern horizon. Occasionally a broad mass of light would suddenly be seen in the zenith, which would descend towards the earth in the form of a beautiful continuous radiated circle, and in an instant vanish.

The northern lights are most frequent when the weather is calm; yet I never saw them more vivid than on one occa-

sion, when there was a brisk wind from the south-east, which, though it directly met the aurora, that was running with great swiftness from the opposite quarter, did not appear in any way to affect its motions, these continuing in a narrow steady stream of light. The altitude of the aurora on this particular occasion seemed trifling, in appearance certainly not exceeding a quarter of a mile; the light it afforded, at the same time, being very considerable, and clearly illumining surrounding objects. I invariably observed that the aurora proceeded in the first instance from the north-west, and it generally disappeared in the south-east. During the opportunities I had of observing it while at Hammerfest, it constantly rose from the northern extremity of the island of Söroe, to which part of the horizon I was accustomed to direct my attention when I watched its appearance. This was generally that of faint irregular gleams of light, rising aloft behind the mountains, and at first frequently exhibiting an exact resemblance of the reflection of a distant fire. They generally mounted up toward the zenith, rarely keeping low in the horizon, and afterwards assuming an inconceivable variety of form and diversity of motion, of which it is too difficult for an inanimate description to convey an idea.—*A Winter in Lapland.*

THE SEY FISHERY.

IMMENSE shoals of the sey, or coal-fish, having been seen in different parts of the straits chiefly about the island of Slojöen, I accompanied Mr. Ackermund and his boats for the purpose of fishing. The sey-fishery is one of the most lucrative branches of the Finmark trade, and is thus followed. A shoal having been found, to which the fishermen are easily directed by the cries of the sea-fowl hovering round, which may be heard at the distance of some miles, four boats with three men in each follow it, provided with a large square net. On approaching it, the direction in which it is moving is noticed; and rowing quickly a-head of it, the net is extended on the surface, and then let down to a certain depth, to enable the leaders of the shoal to pass with ease, and prevent their being alarmed, in which event the whole turn aside. When the nets, thus sunk, the boats row to a certain distance and lie to, as waiting the approach of the fish, they forming a complete square, each holding a long rope attached to the net. The approach of the shoal is a curious spectacle, as it extends itself frequently for a quarter of a mile, blackening the surface, and followed by

the gull tribe in numbers almost equaling their prey below. The loud deep notes of the larger fowl, joined with the shrill screams of the others, produce a very extraordinary and deafening concert. Part of these swim boldly among the fish, pecking at them; and when a small one shows itself, they strike upon it, and bear it aloft. Sometimes when on the wing they pounce suddenly upon a fish, the unexpected size of which so greatly exceeds their strength, that they are quickly compelled to let go their hold. When the shoal enters the square formed by the boats, nothing is to be seen but the heads and tails of the fish, which are forced out of the water by the great pressure of the shoal below. The capture is then pretty certain; and when the boatmen judge they are over the centre, the corner lines are quickly pulled in, and the net is drawn up. The quantity of fish sometimes taken in one haul is so great, that the whole of the boats are completely loaded, and 200 vogs (8,000 lbs.) weight are taken at one fishing. The weather should be perfectly calm and still, as, when there is any wind, the fishermen are prevented from ascertaining the direction of the sey; but when the surface is smooth, if the shoal should be suddenly alarmed, the direction it takes is readily discoverable from the transparency of the water.

The quantity of fish is indeed almost incredible, five or six large shoals being often seen within a short distance. The time they remain at the surface is not long, suddenly descending, and reappearing in a few minutes in another direction, in pursuit of their food. In this manner they are brought continually to the surface, and enable the fishermen to avail themselves so favourably of it. The advantage of the sey-fishery may be conceived, when the Russians eagerly give in exchange a vog (40lbs.) of flour for five vogs of sey, in the state in which they are caught. They salt the fish themselves, and take them to the White Sea and the adjoining coasts.

The Finmarker, on the contrary, sets no value upon the sey-fish as an article of food, and never touches it except when no other fresh fish is to be had. The only part of the sey valuable to him is the liver, which is extremely rich in oil, and supplies him with a great part of what is annually exported from Finmark.

Ibid.

THE LAPLANDER AND BRUIN.

IN attacking the larger animals, such as bears, the Laplander experiences consider-

able difficulty and risk to himself, as it is necessary to make a very near approach to the animal, which, if not wounded in a mortal part, and at once disabled, turns immediately upon its antagonist. This, it may be conjectured, must frequently happen, the dependence being on a single ball, not much exceeding a good sized shot.

When this is the case, the animal turns to the place whence the smoke proceeds; and if the ground be favourable to his pursuit, easily overtakes his adversary, who has then little chance of escape, except there should be a tree near, under which he can take refuge, and puzzle the bear by dodging behind it. The skill and address necessary in the pursuit of the bear, and its comparative scarcity in Finmark, render the killing one of these animals the most honourable exploit a Laplander can perform; and it is a constant source of triumph to the successful adventurer. The Laplanders have besides exalted ideas of the sagacity and talents of the bear, and treat him in consequence with a kind respect and deference, which they do not pay to any other animal. It is a common saying among them, that the bear has twelve men's strength, and ten men's understanding; and their superstitious ideas lead them to suppose, that it perfectly comprehends their discourse. It is a frequent custom with them to speak to the beast, when about to attack it; and one instance of this occurred during the time I was at Alten, on the mountains above Knafional. A Laplander being in pursuit of wild rein-deer with his rifle, suddenly encountered a bear; and his piece missing fire, he addressed it, as Mr. Klerck related, in these words: "You rascal, you ought to be ashamed of attacking a single man; stop an instant till I have reloaded my rifle, and I shall be again ready to meet you." The bear, however, which was a female, thought it prudent not to wait, and made an immediate retreat with two cubs which she had with her.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

MR. POPE was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in, "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "You have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guineaman, "but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man

much better than both of you together, all muscle and bone for ten guineas."

AN ignorant young spendthrift wishing to borrow some money as privately as possible, was startled at reading the beginning of the bond, "Be it known to all men," and declared his unwillingness to sign, as it must certainly come to his father's ears.

EVERYBODY knows the peculiar form and texture of the wigs worn by the late lord Stanhope. "He was a long time in getting a barber to make them to his liking, but at last succeeded. It happened, however, that at a time when his stock of these "elegant imitations of nature," was unusually low, the poor barber was taken so exceedingly ill that his life was despaired of. His lordship immediately upon hearing of the danger of his favourite artist, sent a physician to attend him, and the first desire of the barber upon his recovery was, very naturally, to assure the noble lord of his gratitude for his unexpected act of benevolence. After a few words of condolence, his lordship asked the barber whether his funds were not exhausted by his long inability to attend to his business, and whether an order in the way of trade would not be serviceable to him. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he ordered a score of wigs, and upon bringing them home, the wig-maker began to pour forth the grateful feelings of his heart for the new kindness, in addition to having saved his life, when his lordship interrupted him by putting down the money, and calmly telling him, "that he might now die and be damned for aught he cared, as he had got wigs enough to last him all his life."

THE late lord chancellor, in one of his shooting excursions in Wareham, in Dorsetshire, unexpectedly came across a person who was sporting over his land without leave. His lordship inquired if the stranger was aware he was trespassing, or if he knew to whom the estate belonged? "What's that to you?" was the reply. "I suppose you are one of Old Baga's keepers." "No," replied his lordship, "your supposition is a wrong one, my friend, for I am Old Baga himself."

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